Meet Popeye the Sailor on Page twenty

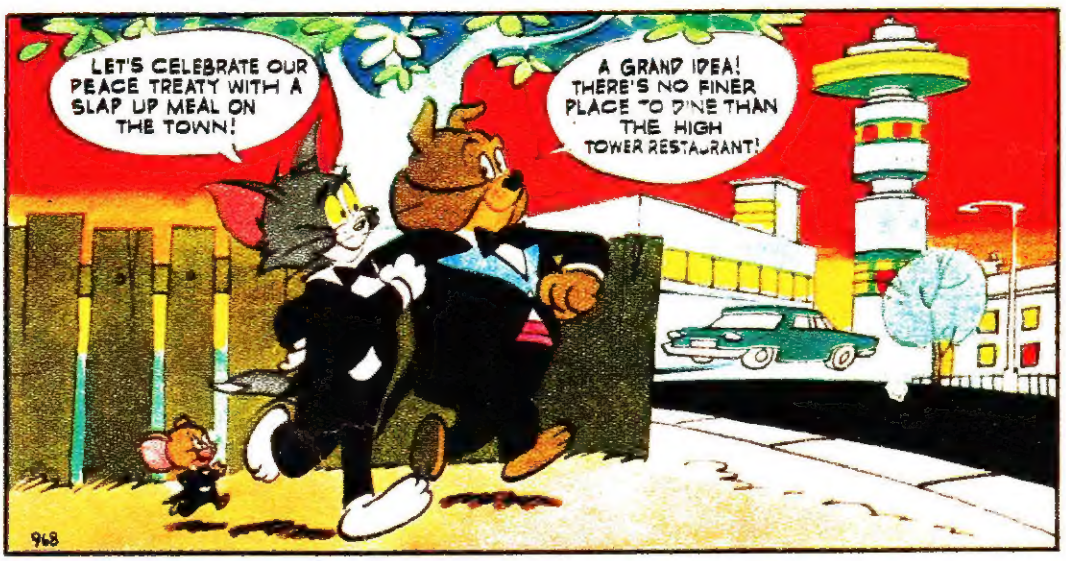
TV COMIC

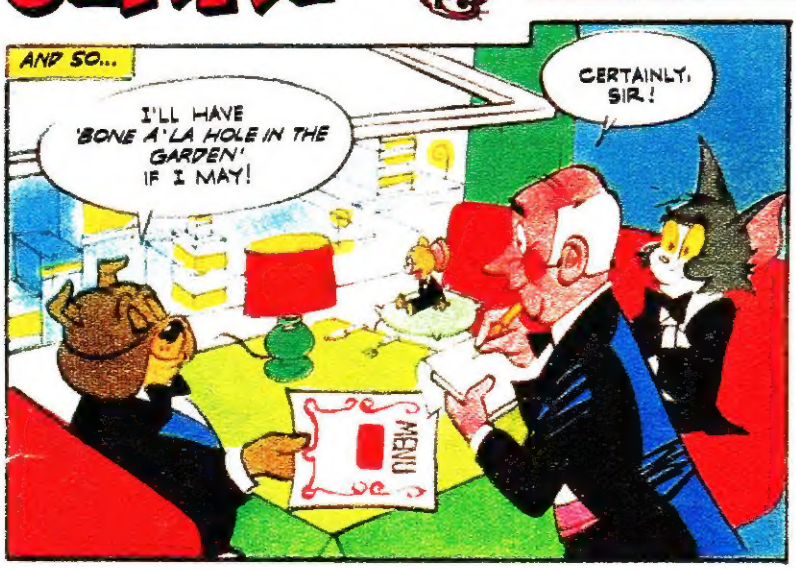
8d

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week Ending 4th July, 1970 | Number 968

TOM and JERRY


LET'S CELEBRATE OUR PEACE TREATY WITH A SLAP UP MEAL ON THE TOWN!
A GRAND IDEA! THERE'S NO FINER PLACE TO DINE THAN THE HIGH TOWER RESTAURANT!
968



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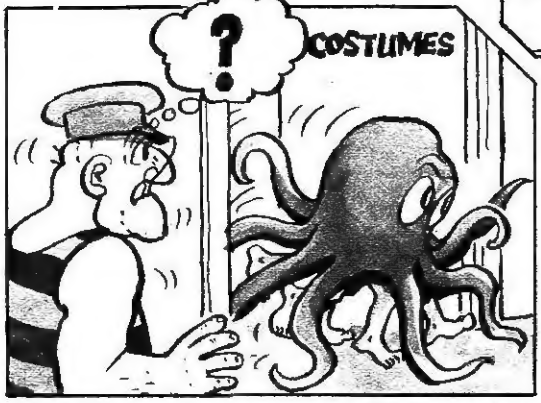
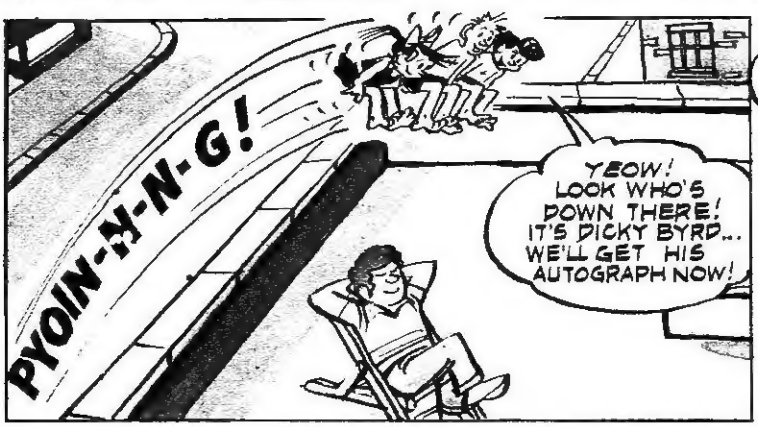
More mouseterics on page 2.

HOW COULD YOU BOOT OUR LITTLE CHUM OUT LIKE THAT?
MENU
SEE HOW YOU LIKE THE TRIP!
NEYAARR!
WHUMP!
I WON'T HAVE THE TONE OF MY ESTABLISHMENT BROUGHT DOWN BY VIOLENCE!
SO COP THIS!
HEEEULP!
SPLOSH!
WHAT A PIECE OF LUCK NOT TO BE IN PIECES!
YOU'RE TELLING ME! CHORTLE!
HOOLIGANS FOOLING AROUND IN THE PUBLIC FOUNTAIN, EH?
IT'S THE NICK FOR YOU, SQUIRTS!
B-BUT WE CAN EXPLAIN, OFFICER...
OH, WELL, AS THE TAXPAYERS PAY FOR ALL PRISON MEALS, I SUPPOSE WE'RE HAVING A MEAL ON THE TOWN AFTER ALL! TE! HE! HE!
IT'S NOT QUITE WHAT I HAD IN MIND!

There's a riot when Tom goes on the river next week.



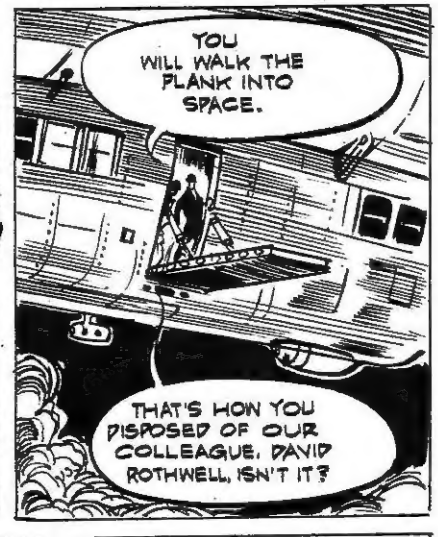


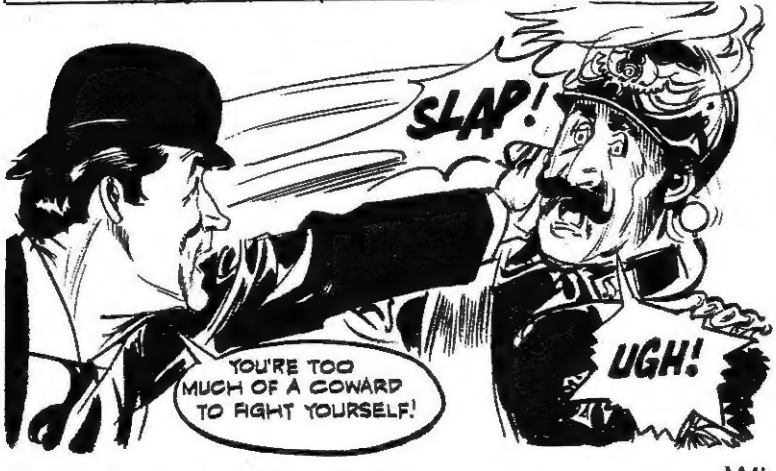
MINUTES LATER...
HOW TH...? WHAT TH...? FUME! FUME!
THANKS TO YOU, HOPPIT, WE HAVE DICKY'S AUTOGRAPH!
POOR OLD HOPPIT- HE'S HOT AGAIN UNDER THE COLLAR!
AND HE ISN'T EVEN WEARING ONE! HA! HA! HA!

Lots of bloomin' laughs next week when Hoppit takes flowers.

THE AVENGERS

JOHN STEED and Tara King have been captured and taken aboard a Zeppelin by the Kaiser of Crime, who intends to hold Britain to ransom by threatening that unless he is paid fifty million pounds he will drop a germ-bomb into a reservoir. The Zeppelin is on course for its target.

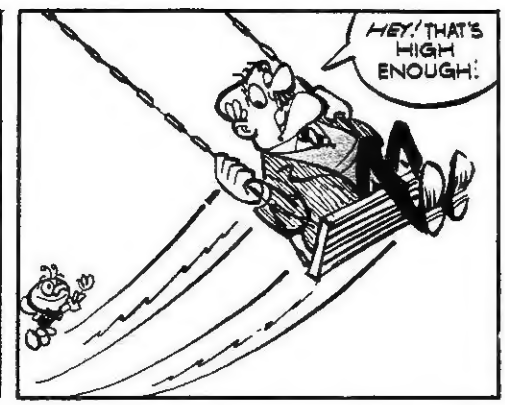


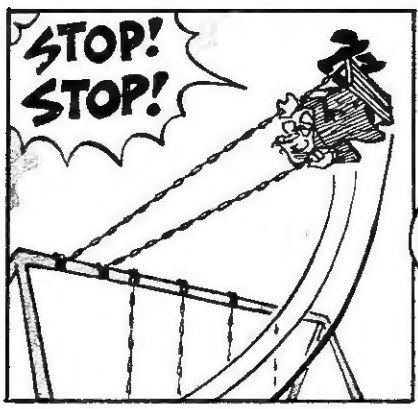


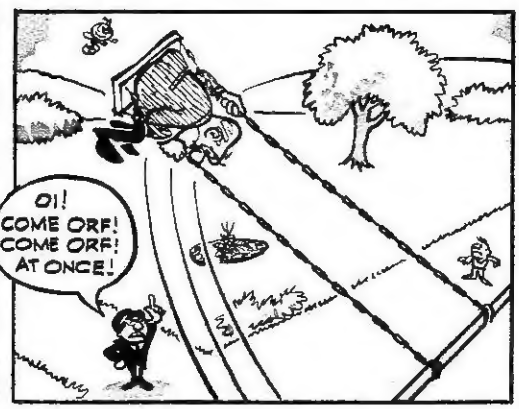
Based on the Thames Television production

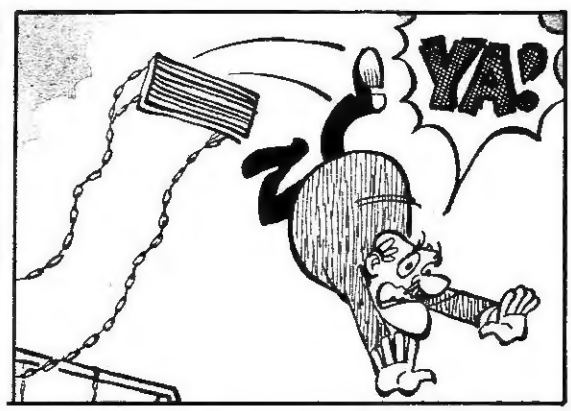
What weapon will Steed choose ? See next week.

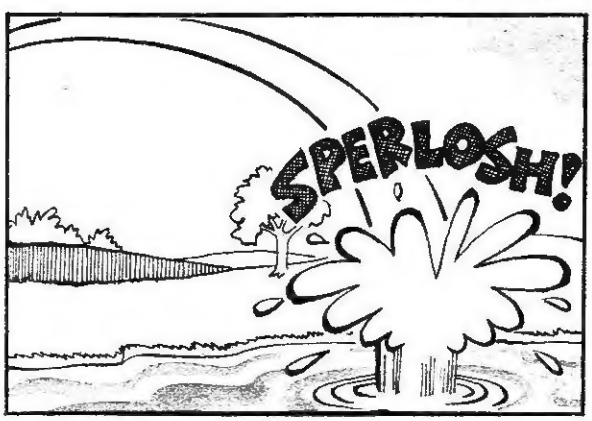
MIGHTY MOTH

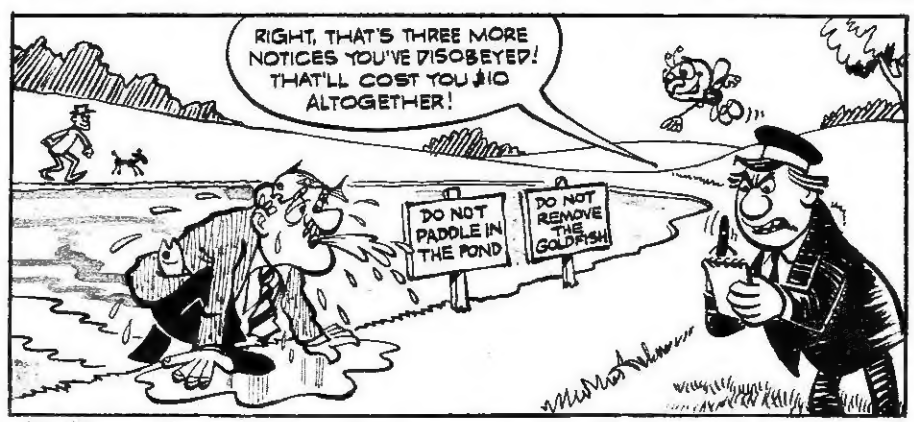











RIGHT, THAT'S THREE MORE NOTICES YOU'VE DISOBEYED! THAT'LL COST YOU £10 ALTOGETHER!
DO NOT PADDLE IN THE POND
DO NOT REMOVE THE GOLDFISH

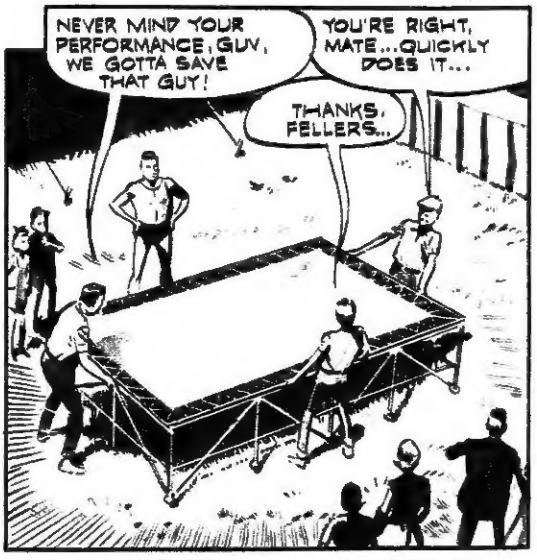
Dad's on to a new racket next week—He's a tennis player!

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE, the sorcerer from the past, has landed on top of a tower at a church fete, having jumped from a helicopter under the impression that he can fly. He is now trying to fly again, using the magic word . . CONTACT . . .

CARROT IS SHOCKED TO SEE CATWEAZLE PREPARING TO JUMP FROM THE TOWER...
TRAMPOLINE
CRUMBS! THAT TRAMPOLINE! MAYBE WE CAN USE IT TO BREAK HIS FALL!
968

YOU MUST HELP ME, MY FRIEND IS GOING TO JUMP FROM THAT TOWER, AND THIS IS THE ONLY THING WE CAN CATCH HIM IN...
BUT WE ARE PREPARING FOR MY PERFORMANCE!



SO THE TRAMPOLINE IS HASTILY CARRIED TO THE FOOT OF THE TOWER...
MORE THIS WAY, JIM...
WHAT NONSENSE! THE FETE WILL LOSE MONEY. MY PERFORMANCE WAS TO BE THE STAR ATTRACTION...
THAT'S IT... ENOUGH, HARRY!

SO CATWEAZLE AMUSES THE AUDIENCE... BECAUSE HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO STOP BOUNCING. AND THE MONEY COMES POURING IN...
THE OLD FOOL CAN'T STOP!
KEEP IT UP, CATWEAZLE. IT'S ALL IN A GOOD CAUSE!
O HECATE! O CONTACT! METHINKS I AM GETTING SICK!

MY BOY, A BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE... THIS MONEY WILL HELP TO FLY OUR CHILDREN ABROAD FOR A HOLIDAY...
FLY! FLY! MAYBE 'TIS GOOD FOR THE LITTLE ONES! FOR ME 'TIS ONLY A HEADACHE.

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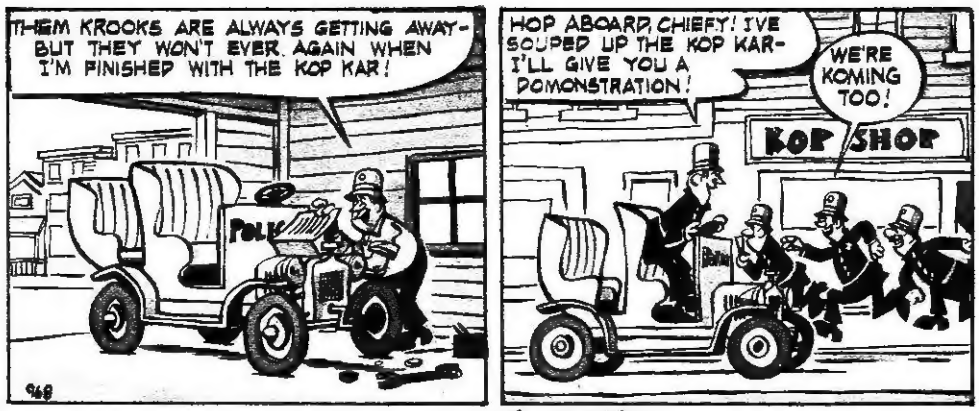
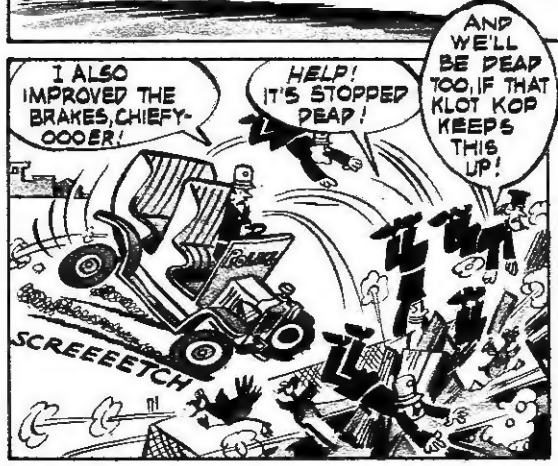
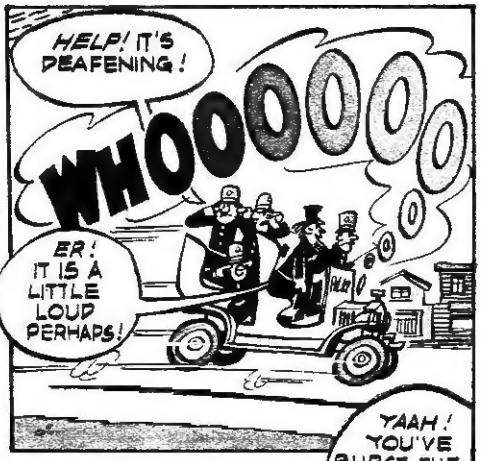
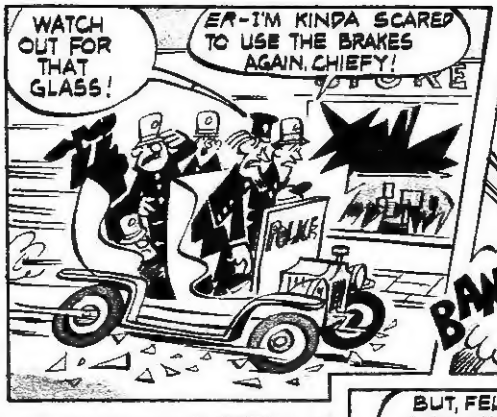
Catweazle starts some new spells next week.

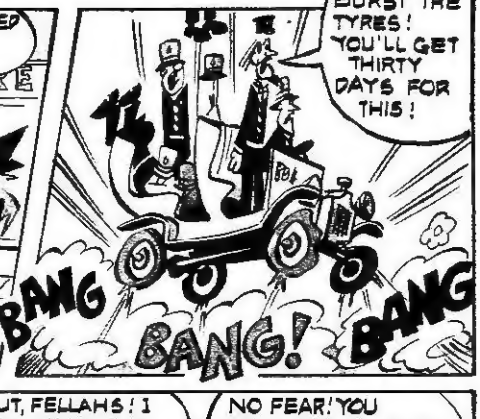
Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES *featuring the Keystone Kops*

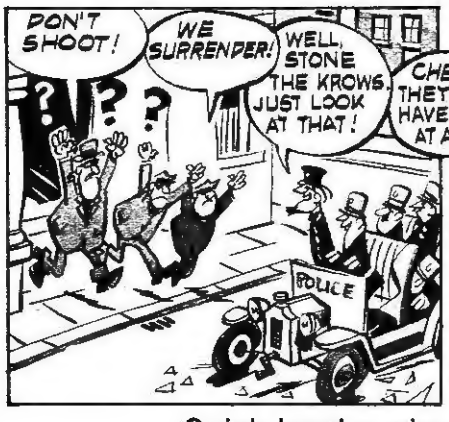

THEM KROOKS ARE ALWAYS GETTING AWAY- BUT THEY WON'T EVER AGAIN WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH THE KOP KAR!
POLICE
HOP ABOARD, CHIEFY! I'VE SOUPED UP THE KOP KAR- I'LL GIVE YOU A DOMONSTRATION!
WE'RE KOMING TOO!
KOP SHOP


I ALSO IMPROVED THE BRAKES, CHIEFY-OOOER!
HELP! IT'S STOPPED DEAD!
AND WE'LL BE DEAD TOO, IF THAT KLOT KOP KEEPS THIS UP!
SCREEEETCH





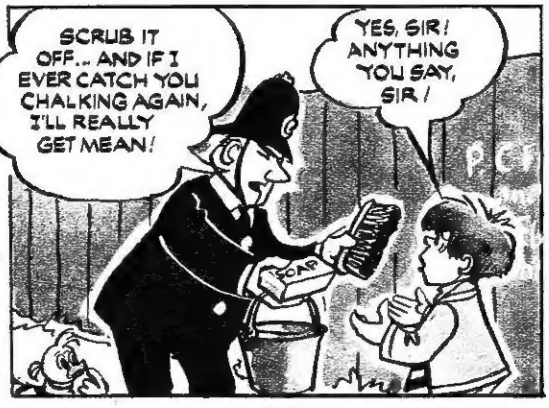


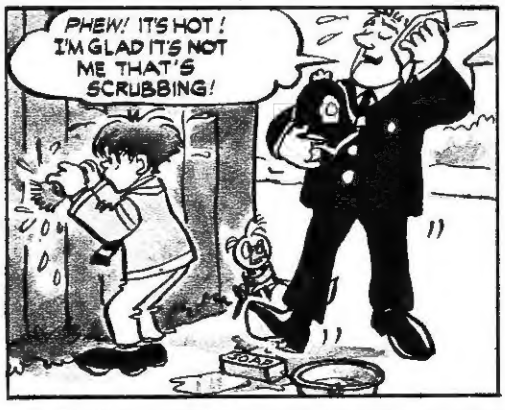


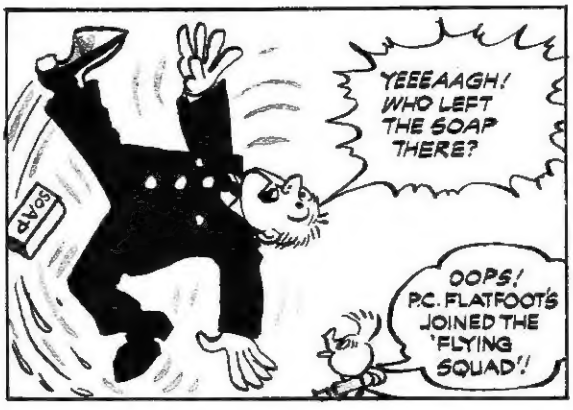
Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

Quick laughs when the kops shoot the rapids next week.

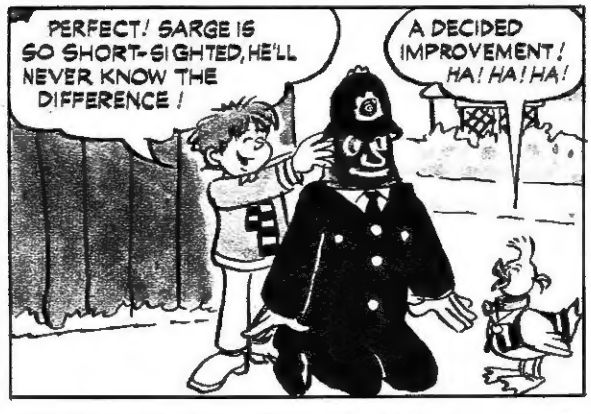
Tich and Quackers

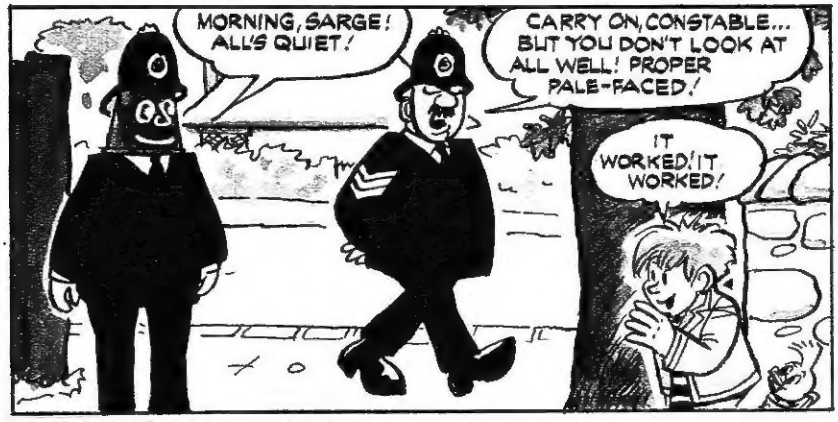






WE COULD HELP YOU, SIR... BUT YOU SAID WE WEREN'T TO CHALK ANY MORE! AND WE NEED CHALK!
I TAKE IT BACK! YOU CAN CHALK ALL YOU WANT, I PROMISE!.. JUST DO SOMETHING BEFORE THE SARGE SEES ME LIKE THIS!





LATER...
WHY YOU... GRRR!
TUT! TUT! A PROMISE IS A PROMISE!
P.C. Flatfoot's too well fed, P.C. Flatfoot's face is red!
AND YOU PROMISED TICH HE COULD CHALK ALL HE WANTED! HA! HA! HA!

© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970 based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers.

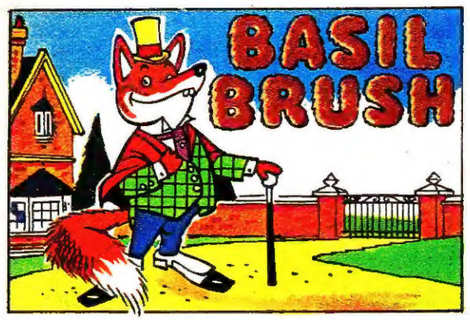
All aboard for fun afloat next week.

TEXAS TED

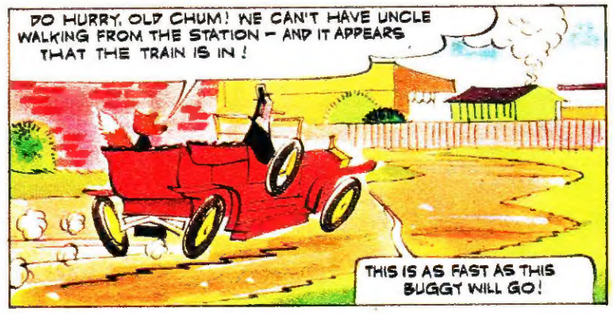
Big hat, big head

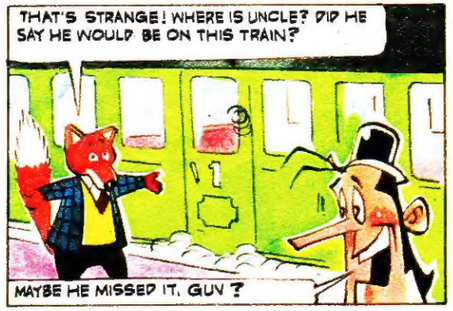
PHEW! I COULD LIVE FOR A WEEK ON WHAT COUSIN EDWARD EATS FOR HIS BREAKFAST!
FRANK MEDIARMID
I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD BRING YOU BREAKFAST IN BED EVERY MORNING! YOU NEVER DO THE SAME FOR ME!
BUT I KNOW WHY COUSIN...
IT'S BECAUSE I'M BIGGER THAN YOU!
BOING
SEE? I'VE GOT BIGGER MUSCLES!
AND I'VE GOT A BIGGER CHEST! THEY JUST DON'T COME ANY BIGGER!
EXPAND
BIFF!
HELP!
HOW ABOUT THAT FOR A BIG PAIR O' LEGS?
YE-ERK! CAREFUL, COUSIN!
BOP!
THE DAY YOU'RE BIGGER THAN ME, AH'LL GIVE YOU BREAKFAST IN BED!
ER THAT'LL BE THE DAY, EDWARD!
CECIL BIGGER THAN ME? WHAT A HOPE!
ENNYTOWN ECHO
LOCAL MAN WINS FIRST PRIZE IN TIDDLYWINK CONTEST.
THERE'S A FAIRGROUND IN TOWN! I WONDER!
GRAND FAIR ON THE COMMON OPENS TODAY.
COME ALONG, EDWARD... WE'RE GOING WALKIES!
WHAT'S THE GAME, COUSIN? WHY ARE WE GOIN IN HERE?
YOU'LL SEE!
HALL OF MIRRORS
NOW THEN, I THINK YOU OWE ME A BREAKFAST IN BED. I'M BIGGER THAN YOU!
AH'S BIN DIDDLED!
I TRUST YOU LIGHTLY BOILED THE EGG, COUSIN! I DON'T LIKE THEM ANY OTHER WAY!
OH, SHUT UP!
TAP! TAP!

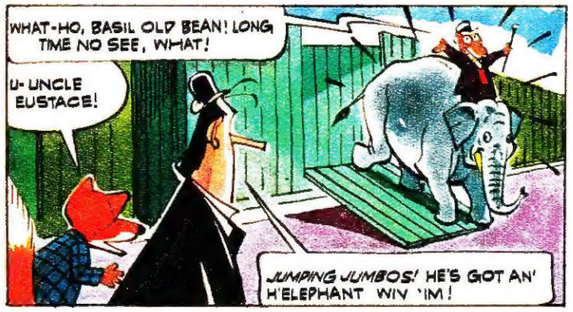
Turn to this page next week for more Texas size laughs.

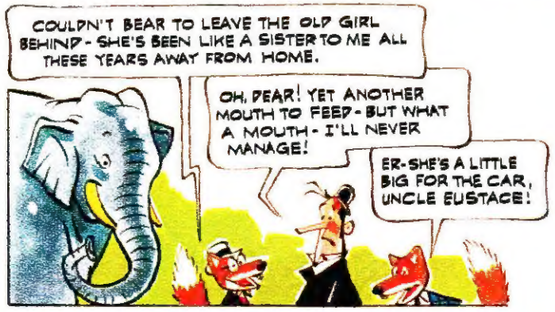


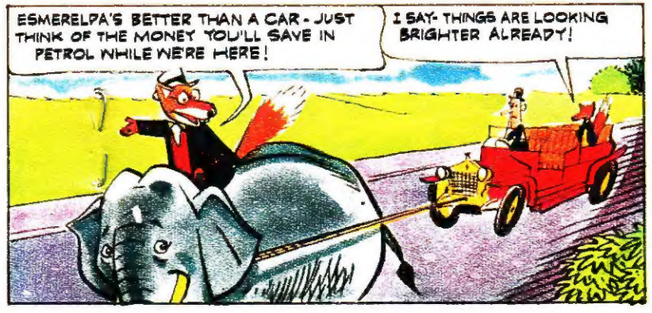
BY JOVE, CHUMMERS - DEAR OLD UNCLE EUSTACE IS COMING TO STAY WITH US FOR A FEW DAYS! HE'S BEEN OUT IN INDIA FOR THE PAST 40 YEARS!
LUVVUS! MORE WORK FOR ME!

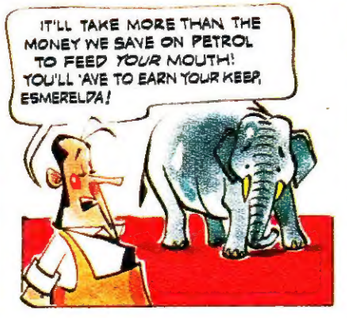

DO HURRY, OLD CHUM! WE CAN'T HAVE UNCLE WALKING FROM THE STATION — AND IT APPEARS THAT THE TRAIN IS IN!
THIS IS AS FAST AS THIS BUGGY WILL GO!

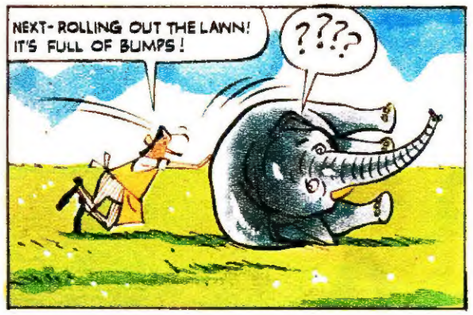


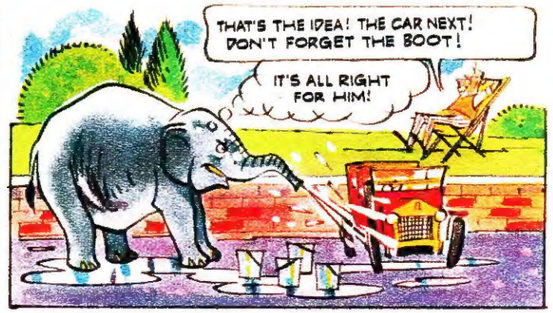


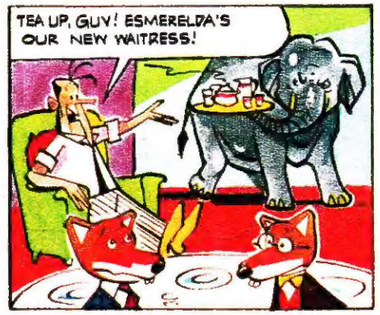

COULDN'T BEAR TO LEAVE THE OLD GIRL BEHIND - SHE'S BEEN LIKE A SISTER TO ME ALL THESE YEARS AWAY FROM HOME.
OH, DEAR! YET ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED - BUT WHAT A MOUTH - I'LL NEVER MANAGE!
ER-SHE'S A LITTLE BIG FOR THE CAR, UNCLE EUSTACE!

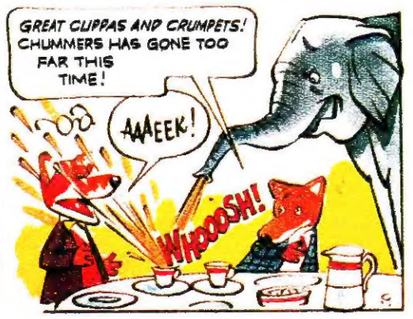

ESMERELDA'S BETTER THAN A CAR - JUST THINK OF THE MONEY YOU'LL SAVE IN PETROL WHILE WE'RE HERE!
I SAY- THINGS ARE LOOKING BRIGHTER ALREADY!











I'VE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED IN ALL MY LIFE! THAT BUTLER OF YOURS MUST BE THE LAZIEST CHAP THIS SIDE OF THE GANGES! GOOD- BYE, BASIL!
PLEASE DON'T GO, ESMERELDA! DON'T LEAVE ME!
GOSH! I THOUGHT CHUMMERS DIDN'T LIKE VISITORS.

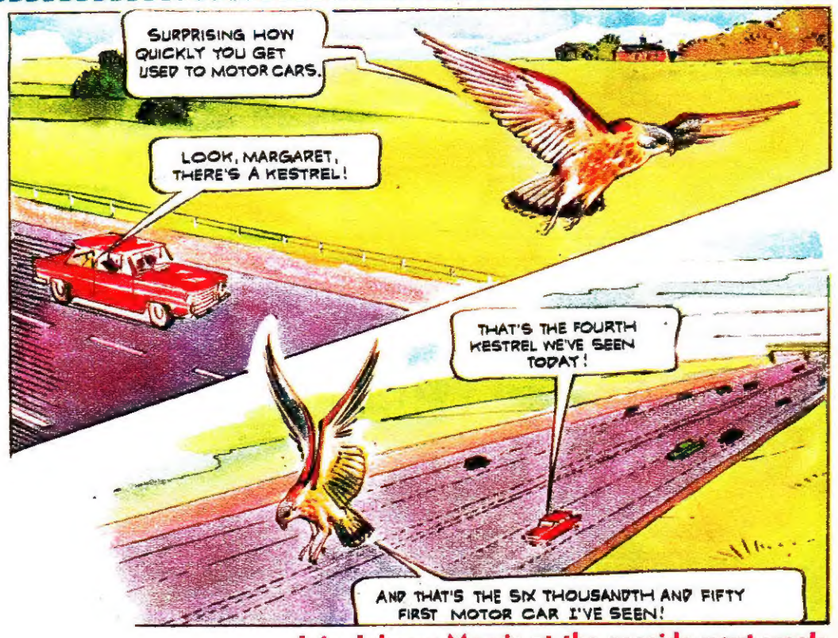
BACK TO WORK, CHUMMERS OLD BEAN. AND HOW ABOUT A LITTLE SMILE?
I DON'T FEEL LIKE SMILING, GUV! I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW I MANAGED BEFORE WITHOUT ESMERELDA!

More fun with Britain's favourite fox next week.

ANIMAL MAGIC

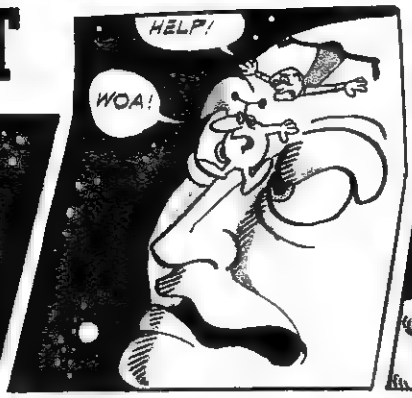
By Johnny Morris

SOMETIMES a Kestrel Hawk will hover over the Zoo and perch on the roof of the building where we keep hay and straw. Kestrels have wonderful eyesight and live mainly on mice.

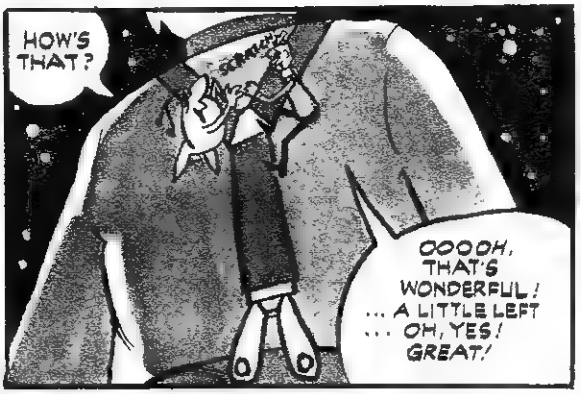

SURPRISING HOW QUICKLY YOU GET USED TO MOTOR CARS.
LOOK, MARGARET, THERE'S A KESTREL!
THAT'S THE FOURTH KESTREL WE'VE SEEN TODAY!
AND THAT'S THE SIX THOUSANDTH AND FIFTY FIRST MOTOR CAR I'VE SEEN!

Join Johnny Morris at the seaside next week.

ASTRONUT



IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW IT'S BECAUSE I'VE GOT THIS TERRIBLE ITCH BETWEEN MY SHOULDER BLADES AND I CAN'T REACH TO SCRATCH IT!
TSK! TSK! THAT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYONE MISERABLE!



A LITTLE LATER...
I'M SO SORRY I THREATENED TO SQUASH YOU... I'LL POP YOU BACK ON MY HEAD SO YOU CAN TAKE OFF AGAIN!
GOSH! THANKS, MR GIANT!

WAIT TILL YOU LAND ON ME AGAIN! I'LL SQUASH YOU FOR SURE NEXT TIME!
DON'T WORRY, OSCAR! WE WON'T HEAD INTO ANYMORE TROUBLE BY PASSING THIS WAY AGAIN! HO! HO!

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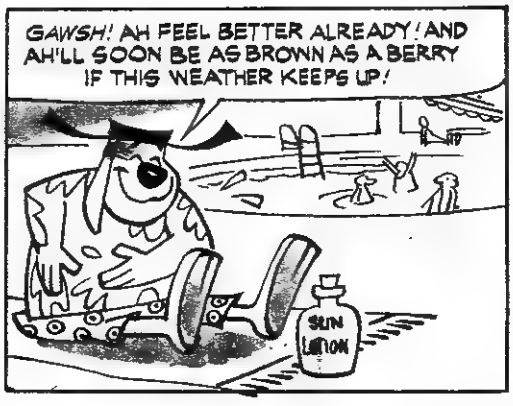
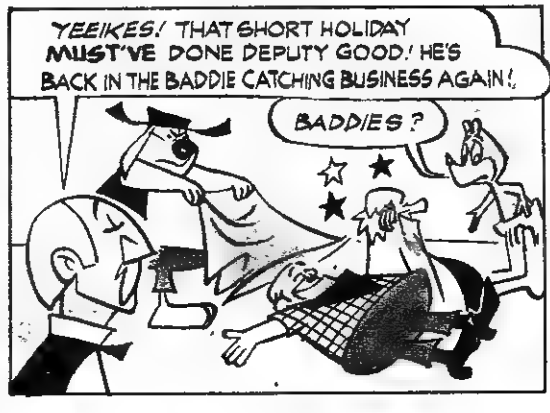
It's Astro v Freeky Freezer next week.

Deputy Dawg





IT AIN'T FAIR! A LAW-FELLAH JUST CAN'T GIT A HOLIDAY!
HUH! HE BROUGHT BACK A PRESENT FOR THE SHERIFF...BUT NOT US!
YEAH! NOT EVEN A STICK OF TOMBSTONE ROCK FOR US!

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Place a regular order for TV Comic.

BEETLE BAILEY

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THIS IS NO WORK FOR AN ABLE-BODIED MAN. THIS IS WOMAN'S WORK!
I WAS TOLD THAT THE ARMY WAS A MAN'S WORLD, A PLACE WHERE A MAN CAN BE A MAN!
I SHOULD BE DRIVING TANKS, FIGHTING THE ENEMY, FIRING GUNS...

I WANT TO BE A MAN AMONG MEN, NOT A CISSY DOING WOMAN'S WORK!
ER... BEETLE...THE TABLE'S HERE!
I'M A HULK OF A MAN...NOT A PETTICOAT PRIVATE!
YERK!

NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE, BEETLE! THIS POT'S STUCK FAST...IT WON'T BUDGE!
OOH! OOH!
ZERO WAS GOING TO DO A LITTLE JOB FOR THE MAJOR'S WIFE THIS AFTERNOON...BUT NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT!
IT CAN'T BE WORSE THAN WASHING DISHES, SARGE!
NOW TAKE CARE OF LITTLE DIDDUMS, BEETLE!
BAH! A FELLAH JUST CAN'T WIN!

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4

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Logan Turner, Leicester.

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BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS ..
MOCKING BIRD
IT'S ME, FOLKS! I'VE DISGUISED MYSELF AS A FLAMINGO, AND I'M PRETENDING TO STAND ON ONE LEG. BUT I'M REALLY WAITING FOR THAT LITTLE BIRD!
TWEETY
COZ, WHEN HE SEES ME, HE'LL STOP AND SAY "HALLO, MR FLAMINGO"- OR SOMETHING STUPID LIKE THAT - AND THAT'S WHEN I CLOBBER HIM WITH MY OTHER LEG! HOR! HOR! GREAT IDEA, EH?
SO...
HALLO, MR FLAMINGO, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
HO BOY! WHAT DID I TELL YOU!
HALLO, LITTLE TWEETY BIRD - LOOK! WHAT'S THAT? JUST UNDER MY UPRAISED LEG, SEE IT??
SAY! WHO ARE YOU?
NOPE! I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!
SEE HERE! YOU LOOKS LIKE A CAT DISGUISED AS A ROOSTER AND UP TO NO GOOP!
HUH?
POOR PUTEY-TAT!
R.M.
WELL, I'M A-WARNIN' YOU - IF YORE A BIRD YOU'D BETTER START A-FLYING - AND IF YORE A CAT THEN START A-RUNNING!
HEY! HEY! WELL, WELL WELL!
COZ EITHER WAY I AIMS TO BLAST YORE FEATHERS OFF UNLESS YOU TAKES TO THE AIR!
TEEOIKS! JUST GIVE ME A SECOND! IT TAKES TIME TO GET READY!
HEY! WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THESE WINGS REALLY WORK - I'M FLYING!
DURN IT! LOOK AT THAT! WHY, I WUZ A-CERTAIN HE WUZ A CAT IN DISGUISE - BUT I RECKON I'M WRONG!
BUT...
PUFF! PUFF! - PHEW! THIS FLYING TAKES IT OUT OF YOU. I CAN'T KEEP THIS UP!
HEY LOOK, FRED! UP THERE! A BIG PHEASANT ... OR SOMETHING!
NYEEAGH!
BLAST!
HOW'S THAT? GOT HIM FIRST TIME!
SO...
GREAT BALLS O' FIRE, THAT WUZ A SHORT FLIGHT! THE POOR CRITTER GOT SHOT DOWN... WHY, I RECKON THAT THERE WUZ ALL MY FAULT.
BLAM
BIRD, I'VE COME TO APOLOGISE... SAY!! YOU AINT A BIRD - YORE A CAT AFTER ALL - YOU WUZ A-FOOLING ME!
WELL I RECKON THAT MAKES ME GOOD AND MAD! AND WHUT'S MORE I'M A-GONNA BLAST YORE SNEAKY FUR OFF YOU!
HEY, WHY ARE YOU WEARING STILTS, PUTEY-TAT? CAN YOU RUN FASTER WITH THEM ON? HE! HE!
BLAST!
BLAM

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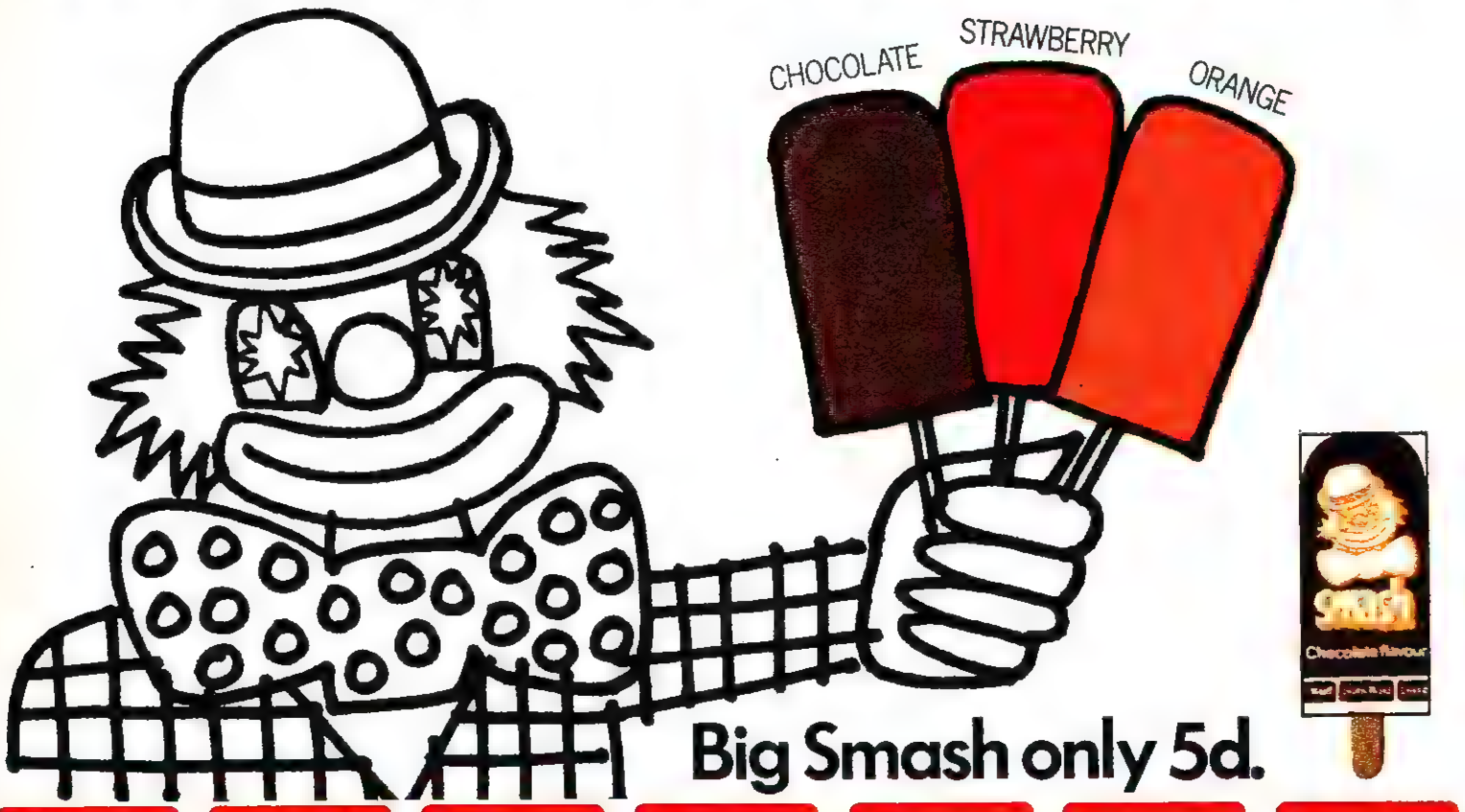
Ding-a-ling! It's Fireman Sylvester next week.

colour in a 'Smash' clown



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Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid

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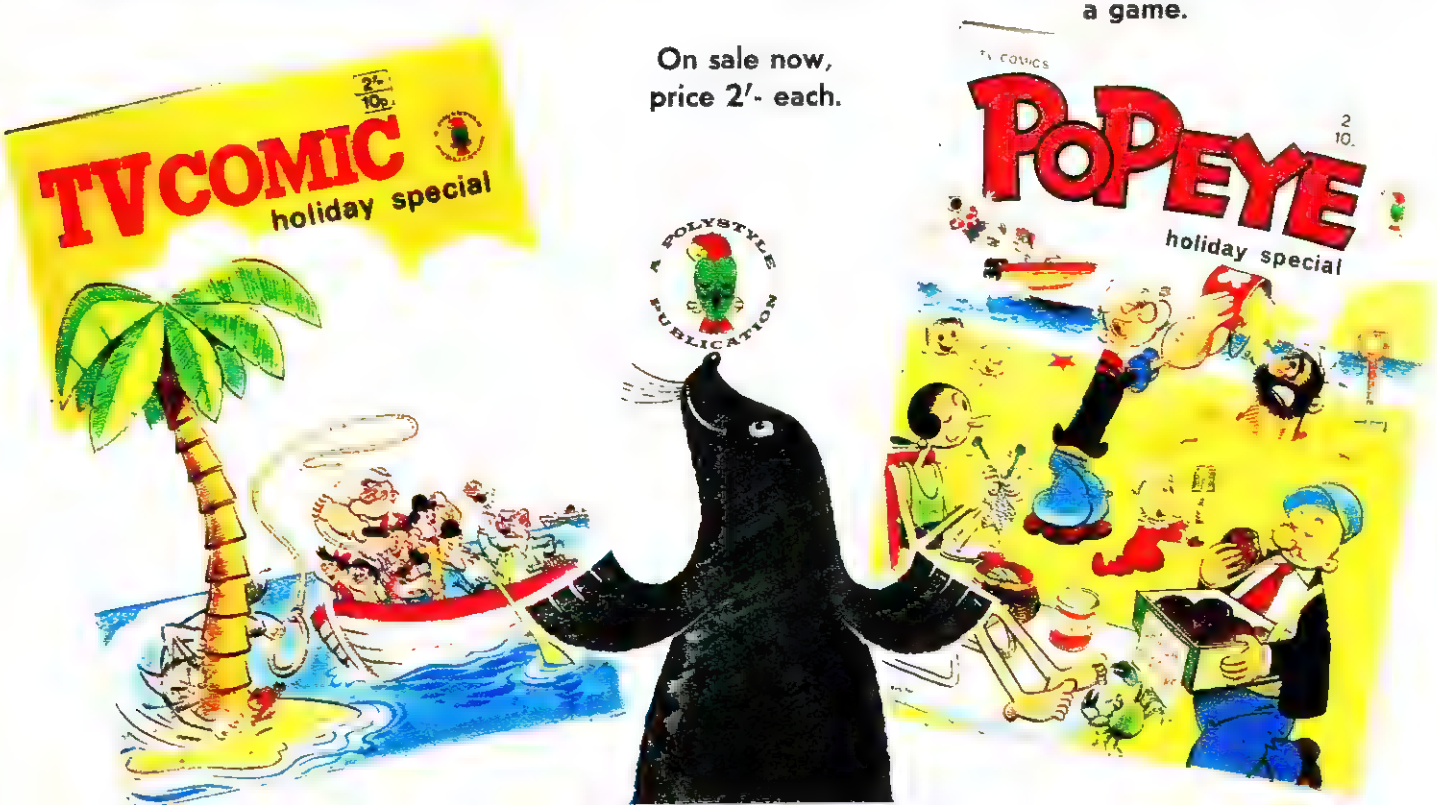

Larry Harmon's

LAUREL & HARDY

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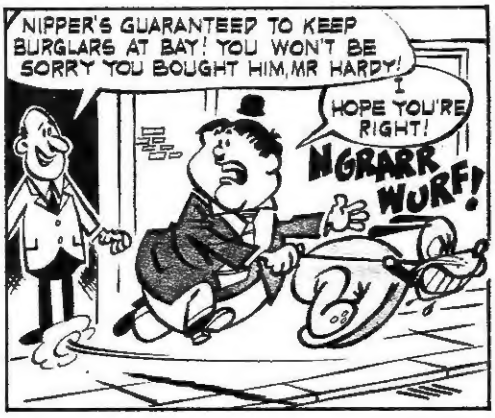
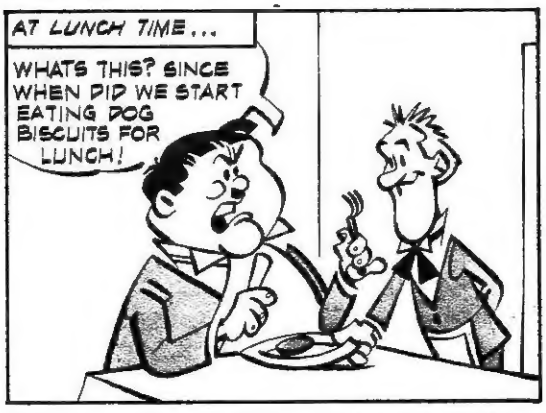
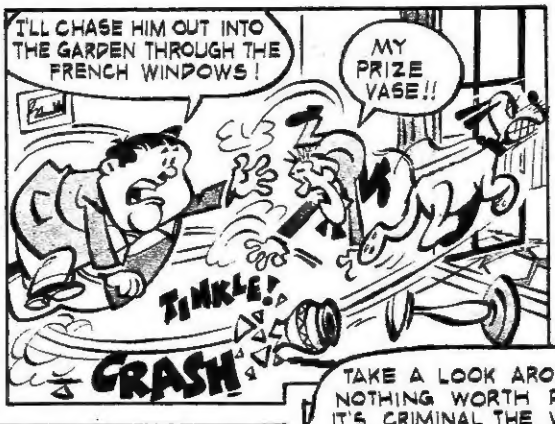


WHEN OLLIE ARRIVES HOME...
MEET NIPPER OUR NEW GUARD DOG. HE SHOULD SCARE THE LIFE OUT OF ANY PROWLERS
I'LL SAY HE WILL! HE SCARES THE LIFE OUT OF ME!





TAKE A LOOK AROUND! THERE'S NOTHING WORTH PINCHING! I THINK IT'S CRIMINAL THE WAY YOU FOLKS WITH SHABBY HOMES STOP CHAPS LIKE US MAKING AN HONEST LIVING!
SWOON

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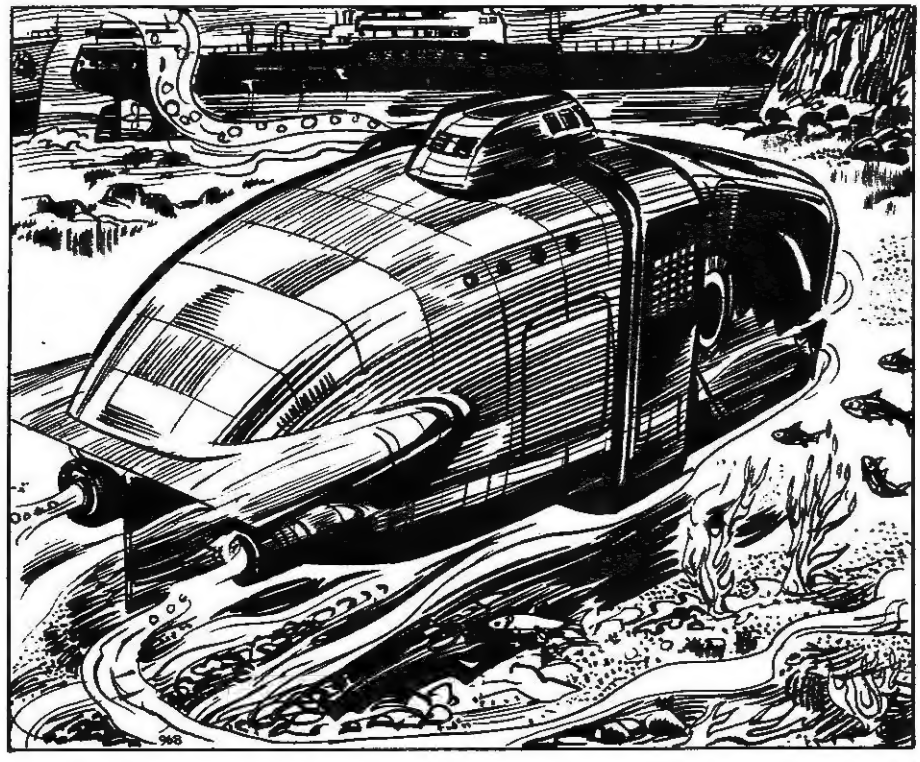
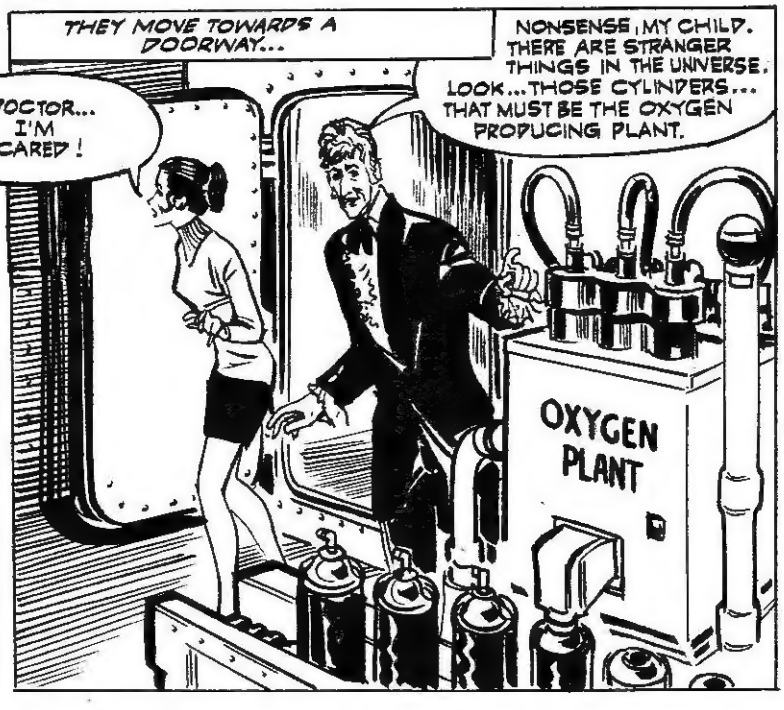
DOCTOR WHO

DR. WHO finds that strange messages are being transmitted from beneath the sea. With Liz Shaw, he goes to the ocean depths in a bathyscaphe. But a weird machine swallows up their craft . . .




THEY MOVE TOWARDS A DOORWAY...
DOCTOR... I'M SCARED!
NONSENSE, MY CHILD. THERE ARE STRANGER THINGS IN THE UNIVERSE. LOOK... THOSE CYLINDERS... THAT MUST BE THE OXYGEN PRODUCING PLANT.
OXYGEN PLANT

© BBC tv 1970

THEY REACH THE END OF THE CORRIDOR...
WELCOME TO OUR NEW HOME, DOCTOR!
HOW DO YOU DO?.. YOU'RE RATHER AS I IMAGINED YOU WOULD LOOK.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND?... HOW CAN YOU SURVIVE UNDER THE SEA?
WE KNOW ALL ABOUT THESE THINGS, MISS SHAW. WE FISHMEN HAVE ALWAYS LIVED BENEATH THE SEA AND CAN BREATHE IN OR OUT OF THE WATER!
AN UNDERSEA RACE! TRULY AMAZING!
BUT THEY SPEAK ENGLISH!
WE UNDERSTAND ALL LANGUAGES... YOU SEE, OUR MINDS ARE MORE ADVANCED THAN YOURS!
THE FISHMAN INDICATES A FURTHER DOOR...
YOU WILL PLEASE ENTER. DON'T BE AFRAID... YOU WILL BE GIVEN A FAIR TRIAL!
TRIAL! WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?
LIZ... LOOK!
PUT UP THE PRISONERS!
THE COURT WILL COME TO ORDER. READ THE CHARGE!
THE PRISONERS ARE CHARGED WITH THE WILFUL DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY OF THE AMPHIBIOUS RACE KNOWN AS THE CARPANTHANS...
... IF CONVICTED, THE PENALTY IS DEATH!

How will this strange trial end ? See next week.

POPEYE
SEEING STARS
HEY, OLIVE... LISTEN TO WHAT THE STARS SAY IS IN STORE FER ME TODAY!
OH, POPEYE, FANCY TAKING NOTICE OF SUCH NONSENSE!
IT AIN'T NONSENSE! JUST LISTEN TO THIS.... "AVOID A TALL, DARK HAIRY MAN TODAY. HE SPELLS TROUBLE"!
THAY MEAN BRUTUS! I GOTTA KEEP OUTTA HIS WAY 'COS I DON'T STAND A CHANCE WIT' THE STARS AGIN ME! GULP!
WHAT'S DIS? "CONTACT WITH A SEA-FARING GENTLEMAN WILL CAUSE YOU GREAT DISTRESS TODAY"! GOSH! I'M IN FOR TROUBLE FROM POPEYE ACCORDING TO THE STARS!
I MUST KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR BRUTUS!
I MUST AVOID POPEYE AT ALL COSTS!
?
?
YOW!
YIKES!
CLANG!
WELL, WADDYA KNOW? HE'S BENT MY STEEL GIRDER! BETTER CALL THE AMBULANCE!
ACME CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
MEANWHILE....
I'LL PUT TO SEA FOR THE DAY! THEN POPEYE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET ME!
HOME AT LAST! I'LL THROW MY KIT-BAG ASHORE!
CLUNK!
GUESS I'D BETTER GET THE POOR GUY TO HOSPITAL!
SO...
THA STARS WERE RIGHT! I JUST PICKED THA WRONG GUY!
THA STARS WARNED ME.... I JUST FIGURED IT WRONG!
I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU BOYS HAD HAD ENOUGH OF STARS FOR ONE DAY!

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Run for your lives! Next week Brutus is a Life-guard!